

Naomi & Victoria's Recital

09/27/2020 – 3:00 PM

Miss Henn

Noi donne poverine

La finta giardiniera by Mozart

Romance de Mignon
L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc

Meine Liebe ist Grün
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Johannes Brahms
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Miss Medrano

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Richard Strauss

Accompaniment tracks provided by our lovely collaborators, Sarah Morris and Stephen Carey

Noi Donne Poverine

La finta giardiniera (1775)

Composed by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) & written by Giuseppe Petrosellini (1727-1799)

Noi donne poverine,
tapine sfortunate,
appena siamo nate
ch'abbiamo da penar.

We poor women,
wretched, unfortunate,
No sooner are we born,
Than we have to suffer

Disgrazie da bambine,
strapazzi grandicelli,
e dell'età nel fiore,
o siamo brutte o belle
il maledetto amore
ci viene a tormentar.

Misfortunes as little girls
Drudgery when we're growing up
And in the flower of our age
Whether we be ugly or beautiful
Accursed love
Comes to torment us

Meglio sarà
non nascere, o morir.

Better it would be for us
Not to be born, or to die

Translation from Nico Castel's Libretti of Mozart's Completed Operas Volume I

La finta giardiniera, translated as the fake gardener girl, is about the Marchioness Violante Onesti after her jealous lover, Count Belfiore, stabs her for apparently no reason and runs away. Consumed with the idea of revenge, she recovers and begins searching for him, disguised as a servant girl named Sandrina. Sandrina works for Don Anchise, who unfortunately makes constant romantic advances towards her. This aria happens after Don Anchise flirts with her once again, and Sandrina, consumed with anger fueled by the struggles women go through whether rich or poor, rouses her fellow gardeners in a flurry of emotion.

Romance de Mignon (1869)

Composed by Henri Duparc (1848-1933) & written by Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749-1832)

Le connais-tu ce radieux pays
Où brille dans les branches l'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphyr embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au myrte vert.
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Do you know that radiant land
Where fruit glints among branches of gold?
A soft breeze perfumes the air,
And the laurel and green myrtle grow as one.
Do you know it, do you know it?
To that place, my beloved,
Let us run, let us go.

Le connais-tu ce merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encore de notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur
Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton bonheur?
Le connais-tu? Le connais-tu?
Là-bas, là-bas, mon bien-aimé
Courons porter nos pas.

Do you know that marvelous place
Where everything still speaks to me of our love?
Where every object asks me with sadness:
Who has stolen away your joy and happiness?
Do you know it, do you know it?
To that place, my beloved,
Let us run, let us go.

Translation from The LiederNet Archive at lieder.net

Originally written by Goethe, this poetic piece speaks of longing for a paradise that is just beyond reach. A young woman implores her lover to leave behind the monotony of their lives for somewhere they can be happy together. Her voice is tinged with sadness, however, since she knows her pleading is futile, and they will never escape.

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Composed by Henri Duparc (1848-1933) & written by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur, Songe à la douceur D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble! Aimer à loisir, Aimer et mourir Au pays qui te ressemble!	My child, my sister, think of the sweetness of going there to live together! To love at leisure, to love and to die in a country that is the image of you!
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Les soleils mouillés De ces ciels brouillés Pour mon esprit ont les charmes Si mystérieux De tes traîtres yeux, Brillant à travers leurs larmes.	The misty suns of those changeable skies have for me the same mysterious charm as your fickle eyes shining through their tears.
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Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté!	There, all is harmony and beauty, luxury, calm and delight.
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Vois sur ces canaux Dormir ces vaisseaux Dont l'humeur est vagabonde; C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre désir Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.	See how those ships, nomads by nature, are slumbering in the canals. To gratify your every desire they have come from the ends of the earth.
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Les soleils couchants Revêtent les champs, Les canaux, la ville entière, D'hyacinthe et d'or; Le monde s'endort Dans une chaude lumière.	The westering suns clothe the fields, the canals, and the town with reddish-orange and gold. The world falls asleep bathed in warmth and light.
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Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté!	There, all is harmony and beauty, luxury, calm and delight.
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Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk

Charles Baudeliere wrote these lovely lines in *Les Fleurs du mal*. To me, this song paints a picture from the view of a wealthy man, singing a love song to his beloved. He uses the landscape to describe her beauty and promises her a life of luxury here with him.

Meine Liebe ist Grün

Composed by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) & written by Felix Schumann (1854-1879)

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne,
die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

My love is as green as the lilac bush,
And my love is as fair as the sun,
which gleams down on the lilac bush
and fills it with fragrance and bliss.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall,
und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder
und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale
and rocks itself in blooming lilac,
and, intoxicated by the fragrance, cheers and sings
a good many love-drunk songs.

Translation from The LiederNet Archive at lieder.net

This is a song of first love, as a girl gushes about all of these new and overwhelming feelings she's experiencing. It's all poetic nonsense and infatuation.

Meine Lieder

Composed by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) & written by Adolf Frey (1855-1920)

Wenn mein Herz beginnt zu klingen
Und den Tönen löst die Schwingen,
Schweben vor mir her und wieder
Bleiche Wonnen, unvergessen
Und die Schatten von Zypressen -
Dunkel klingen meine Lieder!

When my heart begins to make music
and the vibrating loosens wondrous tones,
there hover before me, here and there,
pale ecstasies, unforgotten,
and the shadows of the cypresses;
dark is the sound of my songs!

Translation from The LiederNet Archive at lieder.net

This is a memory of a life once lived, of a time I was once happy. But as I recall these beautiful times, when I loved and was loved, a shadow falls over it, for I remember why it had to end, and my sorrow is unchecked. I am a widow for the rest of my life.

Ach, ich fühl's

Composed by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) & written by Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812).

Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden,
Ewig hin Mein Ganzes Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr Wonnestunde
Meinem Herzen mehr zurück!
Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen,
Fließen, Trauter, dir allein!
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared
Forever gone my true love!
Nevermore will come the hour of bliss
Back to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears,
Flowing, beloved, for you alone!
If you don't feel the longing of love
Then there will be peace in death!

Translation from The Aria Database at aria-database.com

The Magic Flute tells the story of a struggle between the night and the day. Princess Pamina, daughter of the Queen of the Night, has left her mother, her home, and everything she holds dear except for her beloved Prince Tamino. She comes to find him in her hour of need, only to find that he will not speak to her. Betrayed by the last person she cares about, Pamina weeps that death is the only thing left for her and exits in despair.

The Little Horses

Composed by Aaron Copland (1900-1990) for the text of a traditional folk song

Hush you bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You shall have,
All the pretty little horses.
Blacks and bays, dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Blacks and bays, dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hush you bye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You'll have sweet cake and
All the pretty little horses.

A brown and gray and a black and a bay and a
Coach and six-a little horses.
A black and a bay and a brown and a gray and a
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hush you bye, don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.

Bucking Bronco

Composed by Libby Larsen & written by Belle Starr

My love is a rider, my love is a rider ...
My true love is a rider, wild broncos he breaks,
though he promised to quit for my sake.
It's one foot in the stirrup and the saddle put on
with a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.
The first time I met him it was early one spring
a' riding a bronco, a high headed thing.

The next time I saw him 'twas late in the fall
a' swinging the girls at Tomlinson's ball.
He gave me some presents among them a ring
the return that I gave him was a far better thing;
A young maiden's heart, I'd have you all know,
that he won it by riding his bucking bronco.
Now all young maidens, where're you reside,
beware of the cowboy who swings rawhide,
He'll court you and pet you and leave you to go
in the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.

These words were taken from letters by Belle Starr, a famous American outlaw, where she described her lover Sam Starr. It's a fun and sassy tale of love in the American old West.

A Horse with Wings

Composed and written by Ricky Ian Gordon (1956 - present)

I wanna cry
I wanna feel the world around me whirling by
I wanna cry for those that live and those that die
You sing a lullaby
I wanna cry

I wanna pray
That all my wishes could come true after today
And should I put a word for you in?
Should I say an extra Kyrie?
I wanna pray

I wanna lie
I wanna think that things are better than they are
I wanna think we've gotten further and that far
Is just an inch away
I wanna lie

A horse with wings
I wanna think of things like that and other things
I want two brothers, one who laughs and one who sings
I hope the future brings
A horse with wings

I wanna know
The things they told me way back then were really so
I wanna make a little mark before I go
Not barely just get by
I wanna fly

This song was really close to my heart during quarantine. There were so many things that I wanted to do, so many things I missed, and so much to worry about. I wanted to believe that I could still pursue the career I've always wanted. I still have some of those hopes and fears now, and this song helps me express them.

Una voce poco fa

Il barbiere di Siviglia (1816)

Music by Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868) & lyrics by Cesare Sterbini (1784-1831)

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò,
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.

A voice a while back
echoes here in my heart;
already my heart has been pierced
and Lindoro inflicted the wound.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,
lo giurai, la vincerò.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.

Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò...

My guardian will refuse me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
in the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerà.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.

Io sono docile,
son rispettosa,
sono ubbediente,
dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere,
mi fo guidar.

I am docile,
I'm respectful,
I'm obedient,
gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled,
I let myself be guided

Ma se mi toccano
dov'è il mio debole,
sarò una vipera, sarò
e cento trappole
prima di cedere
farò giocar.

But if they touch me
On my weak spot,
I'll be a viper
And a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

Translation from lyricstranslate.com

Una voce poco fa is an aria from the opera, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*. This aria is sung by the character Rosina, who has recently become smitten with Lindoro. She wishes to win over his heart at any and all cost, even if her guardian doesn't agree with her choice in love. But, while she seeks Lindoro's affection, she makes it clear that she is not some silly girl who won't stand up for herself.

Hôtel (1940)

Music by Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) & lyrics by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passa son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veus fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veuz pas travailler - je veux fume

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke

Translation from lieder.net

Hôtel depicts the life of an ex-military soldier who is struggling to transition back into civilian life. They likely have post-traumatic stress disorder from their time in active duty so navigating life outside of the military would pose many challenges for this individual. Here we see the soldier lamenting over how they no longer wish to leave the house and would instead prefer to stay home and smoke all day.

La Chevelure (1897)

Music by Claude Debussy (1862-1918) & lyrics Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925)

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

He told me: "Last night I had a dream.
Your hair was around my neck,
it was like a black necklace
round my nape and on my chest.

"Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens ;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une
racine.

"I was stroking your hair, and it was my own;
thus the same tresses joined us forever,
with our mouths touching,
just as two laurels often have only one root.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même,
ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe."

"And gradually I sensed,
since our limbs were so entwined,
that I was becoming you
and you were entering me like my dream."

Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

When he'd finished,
he gently put his hands on my shoulders,
and gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes, quivering

Translation from lieder.net

La Chevelure is about a woman recounting a dream her lover told her they had about her. In the lover's dream, they were literally becoming one with her. Their bodies had become merged together, symbolizing their intense passion and how the souls of two lovers become intertwined. The woman is moved by his intensity, and shivers at the thought.

Do Not Go My Love (1917)

Music by Richard Hageman (1882 - 1941) & lyrics by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night, and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

This piece is a woeful plea of loss. The singer has just lost someone very important to them and they didn't get the chance to say goodbye. They go to bed and dream of their loved one being alive only to remember that they are gone.

Ferry Me Across the Water (1978)

Music by Ned Rorem (1923-Now) & lyrics by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

"Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."
"If you've a penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do!"

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

This scene depicts an interaction between a mortal and Charon, the boatman that takes souls down the river Styx and into the Underworld once they have died. The boatman asks the human if they have money to pay him for safe passage. The human confirms that they have money and goes even further to add on that they have blue eyes, thinking that the color of their eyes might be able to sweeten the deal. However, the boatman doesn't care about such trivial things, though, and simply tells them to give him the money and get in the boat.

Rote Rosen (1883)

Music by Richard Strauss (1864-1949) & lyrics by Karl Steiler (1842-1885)

Weißt du die Rose, die du mir gegeben?
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze heiße Schwester;
Von deiner Brust trug noch ihr Duft das Leben,
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest mich und fester.

Ich seh' dich vor mir: Stirn und Schläfe glühend,
Den Nacken trotzig, weich und weiß die Hände,
Im Aug' noch Lenz, doch die Gestalt erblühend
Voll, wie das Feld blüht um Sonnenwende.

Um mich webt Nacht, die kühle, wolkenlose,
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind in eins zerronnen.
Es träumt mein Sinn von deiner roten Rose
Und von dem Garten, drin ich sie gewonnen.

Do you recall the rose you gave me?
The shy violets' proud, ardent sister,
Its fragrance still drew life from your bosom,
And I imbibed that fragrance with ever greater
glee.

I see you before me, forehead and temples ablaze,
Your nape defiant, your hands soft and white,
Spring still in your eyes, but your figure in full
Bloom, like the meadow in midsummer.

Night, cool and cloudless, weaves itself around
me,
But day and night are blended into one.
I dream of your red rose
And of the garden where I won it.

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder

Rote Rosen depicts a couple in the early stages of their relationship, likely during the courting process. One lover reminisces over the time when the other gave them a rose. This summer heat reflected the passion they felt for each other, and they continue to dream about that heat even as the seasons change and daytime becomes as cold as the night.

The Composer's Aria "Sein wir wieder gut"

Ariadne auf Naxos (1912)

Music by Richard Strauss (1882-1964) & lyrics by Hugo von Hofmannsthal
(1874-1929)

Sein wir wieder gut.
Ich sehe jetzt alles mit anderen Augen!
Die Tiefen des Daseins sind unermeßlich!
Mein lieber Freund!
Es gibt manches auf der Welt,
Das läßt sich nicht sagen.
Die Dichter unterlegen ja recht gute Worte,
Jedoch Mut ist in mir, Mut Freund!
Die Welt ist lieblich
Und nicht fürchterlich dem Mutigen.
Was ist denn Musik?
Musik ist eine heilige Kunst zu versammeln
Alle Arten von Mut wie Cherubim
Um einen strahlenden Thron
Und darum ist sie die heilige unter dem Künsten
Die heilige Musik!

Let's be good again.
I see everything with new eyes!
The depths of existence are immense!
My dear friend!
There are things in the world,
That cannot be said.
The inferior poet is indeed quite good with words,
But courage is in me, courage friend!
The world is lovely
But not terribly brave.
What is music?
Music gathers sacred arts
Of all kinds, courage as Cherubim,
For a radiant throne,
And that is why it is sacred below the arts
The sacred music!

Translation from liveabout.com

The Composer's Aria is a cannon shot of a piece, written in order to depict the confusion and excitement of someone experiencing love for the first time. This piece is from the perspective of a musical prodigy who's spent their entire life up until now writing music and only caring about their art until they meet the beautiful Zerbinetta. They then have to wrestle with the idea that there is beauty outside of music that they should be willing to explore.